

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Copper.*



ABOVE THE CAVE.

ANSON GREGG'S WEDDING.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER leaving the party in the boats, Mr. Merwin was but a short time returning home. Fear winged his steps, and gave to every sense a quickened power which made the deep forests through which he took his solitary way seem peopled with a new and terror-giving life. In every sough of the wind among the

old pine-trees he heard Blossom's dying breath; in every stealthy footfall of the wild beasts by whom he was surrounded, an Indian tread; the flashing of the fireflies among the crimson and scarlet leaves, was a torch lighting for a moment the gay feathers with which the savages were wont to deck themselves on a sanguinary expedition, behind gnarled and twisted trunks, which he felt, rather than saw; dusky faces scowled upon him; and in the rustling of the dry leaves which that afternoon's wind had scattered

along his path, he heard the peculiar call by which they give warning of the presence of the foe. That walk put years on to the life of this stalwart back-woodsman. During it the crow's-feet around his mouth and eyes deepened as whole seasons of hard work had failed to indent them.

When he came out of the forest upon the clearing, and knew that his house was not far distant, and that he should see its lights, he was at once surprised and relieved to find it in darkness. Blossom must have extinguished the lights. The Indians had not as yet reached it, and there might still be time to save his child. Going softly to the back door that she might not hear and be alarmed by his coming, he opened it noiselessly and saw her seated before the dying embers of the kitchen fire, her head buried in her hands, rocking herself to and fro.

"I have returned for you, Blossom," he said, steadying his voice, so that the intense joy which thrilled through him should not lend it an unusual tone, "are you ready?"

Blossom shook her head wearily. "I cannot until Anson comes, father."

"He will not be here to-night, and your mother expects you. Come, we will take a few of the most valuable things that we can carry easily, and join her without delay."

"I cannot go until he comes. Oh, father! father!" with a sharp cry of pain; "where is he?"

"In God's hands. Come, my darling, come!" and he lifted her gently, almost as if he would have carried her in his arms.

Accustomed to obey his slightest wish, the habit was strong upon her even now, and she made no resistance. Mechanically she followed him to the closet where the little silver they had, and which at first had been forgotten, was kept, and took what he gave her, wrapping it in a corner of the large apron she had tied on over her neat dress when she was called to serve her wedding feast; but her father saw that all her motions were wavering and uncertain, like those of a somnambulist. She groped her way with both hands outspread, and in the feeble glimmering of the coals he noticed that her eyes were fixed and vacant, like one seeing things hidden from every other earthly vision. In this condition, a walk stealthy and careful as theirs must be would be impossible; and yet how to rouse her to a sense of their danger, without producing an even more painful physical state, he could not tell. Once more the plan of taking her in his arms suggested itself, but its wildness was too apparent for the indulgence of even a moment. She was by no means a light, fragile nymph, but a stout mountain girl, and whatever she did must be of her own free will.

Going frequently to the door, he threw himself upon the ground and listened, always finding her by his side as he did so, and always hearing from her the same words as they rose,—

"Why doesn't he come? Where is Anson?"

"Hush! hark!" Away from the distance, as Mr. Merwin spoke, came a dull roar. "Fire!" he said, "the Indians have set the woods on fire! Blossom, we have not a moment to lose. Listen again!"

The roar was lost in the dreadful war-whoop. Blossom shuddered—the dull look in her eye was gone, and she clung almost convulsively to the hand her father stretched out to lead her away; but suddenly she loosened her hold, then tossed the hand frantically from her.

"Listen!" she said, "I hear him;" and without another word she darted out of the door, and was gone into the darkness.

"Blossom! Blossom!" called her father, but no answer came back to him; and to follow her would have been useless. What she heard he never knew; all that he could discern was again the dull roar, and the loud ticking of the old family clock, which seemed to him suddenly to have found tongue, and to be knelling away for them the few seconds that remained of time. Going out only a short distance from the house he stood expectant, not knowing what might come next, but braced for it, whatever it should be.

Stopping every moment to listen, Blossom went cautiously in the direction from which she had caught the sound of the well-known footsteps. To any other ear it would have been difficult to distinguish them from that of the muffled tread of the savages, who in a large body were coming the opposite way, but she had learned to know them too well to be long deceived.

Nearer and nearer they came, and without a doubt she moved fearlessly on, straight forward to meet them. Once, and once only, the memory of her morning's walk on the same errand came back to her. This morning; why, it seemed to her as if she had lived long ages since, long dreadful ages, over which, even now, she shuddered.

"Anson!"

"My little Blossom!" Through the intense darkness he reaches out for her, gathers her in his arms, and says only, "Thank God! at last!"

You might almost have thought they had parted but a half-hour ago, so quiet and calm the meeting; the valley of the shadow of death had been between them, and its awful gloom penetrates never the noise and stir of this everyday world.

Mr. Merwin, prostrate on the ground, praying now as well as listening, hears the double steps, catches the low voice of a man, knows Anson Gregg is there, and Blossom saved. Neither fire nor Indians have any more terror for him to-night. "Praise be unto Him," he says, solemnly, to the listening stars, "whose chariots are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; surely that Lord is among us as in Sinai, in the holy place. He that is our God is the God of salvation, and unto God the Lord belong the issues of death."

These last words reached Anson Gregg's ears as he came to the house, and almost mechanically he answered by another verse from the Bible, the language of strong feeling always in those of persons in whose veins ran the Puritan blood, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

There was something in his voice which made Mr. Merwin start, it was hollow, almost sepulchral; and no wonder.

To draw him in, the great strong man almost staggering as he did so, to rake open the bed of burning coals, to put before it the large arm-chair, and almost to place him in it, was but the work of a moment; then room, and fire, and bride, all faded from before Anson Gregg, and his head dropped upon his breast like that of a dead man.

"It's a faint," said Mr. Merwin, quickly; "food, Blossom. Let him," with a reassuring smile, "have a taste of his own wedding feast." But Blossom had borne to-day all she could; she took the poor drooping head fondly on her breast, and dumbly stroked

back his long, damp hair, while her father, seeing he could not expect other help from her, went himself to prepare what was needed.

The hot draught at once did its kindly work. Anson opened his eyes, asked for food, and after a few vain attempts to swallow it, succeeded, slowly at first, then ravenously, Blossom watching and supplying him, while Mr. Merwin stood looking wonderingly on.

"It is the first I have eaten for forty-eight hours," said Anson at last, the ghost of a smile flitting over his wan, changed face, "and," with a shudder, "they have been hours of mortal peril, darling—mortal peril."

"God be thanked for your safety, then," said Mr. Merwin, cheerily. That the mortal peril was all passed even now he doubted, but he wanted to see the life come back into the pale face before he said more.

Young and strong, nature quickly regained her lost powers, and hardly had Mr. Merwin finished his thanksgivings before Anson Gregg's ear caught the sound of the distant Indian yell, and then almost immediately the peculiar roar and crackle of the on-coming fire.

"Both at work, so soon," he said, with a quick glance in Mr. Merwin's face; "where," looking around the room, and into the open doors of the vacant house, "are they all?"

"Gone to the cave. Safe there, I hope, one good hour ago, and if you are ready, if you can walk so far, we have not a moment to lose. Only that this child was obstinate and would not go without you, Blossom and I should have been housed with them. Can you stand? Carefully now," as Anson Gregg, trying to rise, fell back again; "slow at first, my man; that's right—now. Yes, you are yourself again. Shall we go?"

Shaking himself, as some great tired animal may be seen to do when struggling to consciousness, Anson Gregg took a few steps, then leaned heavily against the side of the room for support, but the rich life dashed up again from his heart, the lost colour came back to lips and cheeks, and he said, his voice now familiar to those who so anxiously listened,—

"Yes, let us go, not a moment is to be lost. Come, my Blossom." Feeling his arm around her, Blossom seemed to herself to have had wings sent direct from God. She could almost have flown with them, his touch had given back to her all her lost hope.

However great the caution they had observed before, the necessity for it seemed doubled now, for nearer came the tramp of the moccasined feet, and the savage yells seemed almost to issue from the dense woods into which, Mr. Merwin leading the way, they at once plunged.

"If we only had one of the boats now!" whispered Mr. Merwin; "but I did not think to tell Daniel to come back for us, and the boy obeys orders like a well-drilled soldier. We must take the lower path, Anson, and hold it; the fire has reached the upper one by this time, and to circumvent it would lose time."

"And the Indians?" asked Anson, in the same whisper.

"Will be so busy plundering the house, and watching it burn, they will forget us until it is too late. Daniel left a keg of whisky by the barn door; it will take some time to empty it. If you can bear the fatigue, Anson, we shall soon be safe."

Anson laughed a low, musical laugh. "I am good for twenty miles now," he said, "and can carry Blossom, if it is necessary. The river path, by all means. Should the worst come to the worst, we can take to the water, like ducks."

Speedily and noiselessly, without another word, they made their way, unmindful of the many obstacles with which the forests in every new, unsettled country abound, to that part of the bank of the river under which the cave lay. Here, diverging towards the stream, they hoped to find Daniel waiting for them with a boat; but to Mr. Merwin's dismay no one answered when he called, nor could he find a rope attached to either of the rings into which both Daniel and he were accustomed to fasten the boats when they visited the cave.

"The boy has lost his head," Mr. Merwin said, almost testily, "and here we are in as bad a situation as can well be. Two minutes would put us into perfect safety, and now it may be hours before we reach it. Oh, Daniel, Daniel! to think of your having failed me at the very last!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE night was far advanced; indeed, one so long, it seemed to Blossom, had never fallen before over the world. Already a dim grey light began to make the tops of the tall bright-leaved trees among which the party of fugitives stood, visible against the dun sky. Once day, all hope of escape would be gone, for with a trail discovered, the fleet, sure-footed Indian could hunt down a foe with the surety of a well-trained hound his prey.

Plan after plan was made for securing an entrance into the cave, and abandoned. As a last resort, Anson Gregg had determined to run the risk of the reception which he might meet should he attempt to swim to its mouth, when Blossom happened to remember an incident in her childhood, which saved them.

"There is a chink in the cave, father," she said. "You left me there alone once, when I was very small, and I wandered about, until the day shone in in a long thin streak of light. If we could find that now we might speak through it."

"Yes, but to find it in a cave one hundred feet long and at least thirty wide—how can that be done?" answered her father, in a despondent voice.

"The light would shine through; they have both fire and light, I suppose?" said Anson.

"Probably both; the thought is a wise one."

All now began to search the ground carefully, but in vain. Long wreaths of dead gay leaves, dried ferns, roots twisted and knotted, gleaming white marble, flowers withered and pendant with seeds dropping out—these were everywhere, but no gleam from within.

Hope, once enkindled, dies out slowly from a woman's heart. Both Mr. Merwin and Anson Gregg had discontinued their search, while Blossom only grew more and more earnest in finding the crack. On her hands and knees at length she seemed to those, who idly watched her to centre round one spot, removing the rubbish, and then impatiently tossing it back again, and commencing the same thing, perhaps only a few inches distant from her former endeavour.

At last a low almost wail of joy, and up over her hand gleamed a ruddy light. There in truth was

the chink discovered so many years ago, and buried since. Mr. Merwin saw at once that they were saved, and the rebound from his dire extremities threw him almost into a fit of indecent mirth. Putting his eye close to the opening, he could see not only the objects directly under, but when the earth was thoroughly removed from it, so wide and long was it, that almost all the occupied space of the cave was open to view. He saw the children soundly asleep in the nice beds he had prepared for them, the mothers seated near, watchful and pale, Mrs. Merwin close beside the great cheerful fire, with her eyes strained in the direction of the opening, Uncle Jerome trying the locks of the stacked firearms, Father Thompson nodding away as he lay half-erect on the ground, Daniel imitating him with a droll mimicry, which brought almost a smile on to Aunt Mary's rebuking face, and the other young people indulging in that noiseless mirth most difficult of all to look upon unsympathetically.

"Daniel! Daniel!" called a voice, whose hollow sound echoed and re-echoed through the vaulted cave: "If you are in the lions' den, you are neither as wise nor as good as your namesake of old. Forbear!"

The scene inside the cave at that moment, faithfully copied, would have made any artist immortal.

From all our Puritan ancestors the unseen world was separated by a very thin veil, which any moment might be torn asunder—not only might be, but often actually was. Spirits good, bad, and indifferent, mingling with everyday scenes, touched the soul by thousands of lines, invisible, but in God's hands; spoke sometimes to mortal ears, flitted before mortal eyes; warned, reproved, exhorted. Two lives, many of these our goodly ancestors lived: one of the earth, very earthly, the other of the spiritual, ghastly and ghostly, thrilling through and through humanity, and seeming often to them to reach and touch the divine. Great rough Daniel, awestruck and trembling, cowered down as if a deathblow had been dealt him, and, indeed, not a face there but turned white and cold.

"Daniel," said the same voice again, after a moment's pause, "do you see a ghost? Why do you stand grinning and chattering there like a scared ape? Out with your boats and come for us, my lusty boatman."

"Welcome! welcome!" cried Uncle Jerome, recognising the voice; "just tell us where you be. My boys thought they heard a ghost; in short, Brother Merwin, you kind of skeered us all!"

"Pretty fellows you!" and Mr. Merwin's voice caught a new, strange, and even more frightful echo still; "taking the best care of number one, and leaving the rest of us to shift for ourselves. Up, Daniel! up boy!"

"If you'll tell us where you are," and Uncle Jerome's voice was less lusty than before, "we will talk; but to confess the truth, this is rather shaky work. Be ye in the body or not, Brother Merwin? I charge you solemnly, answer me."

Mr. Merwin laughed a good hearty laugh, such as never parted a ghost's thin lips; but the unkind echoes reverberated it with a cruel mockery, before which even Uncle Jerome's brave spirit quailed. Hastily waking Father Thompson, he said,—

"There are spirits hidden in this cave. Waken, good father, and pray while you may."

Father Thompson, upon whose robust frame the unusual fatigues he had undergone had produced

a most exhausting effect, and whose slumbers had therefore been of the deepest, started, as Uncle Jerome violently shook him, rubbed his eyes, and was looking around to ascertain where he was, when peal after peal of laughter came rolling down into and around the cave. No wonder in the din all began to think of some unearthly presence. Before Mr. Merwin could sober himself sufficiently to speak again, then, he said—and his voice was far more human than his laugh had been,—

"Well done, Uncle Jerome, never tell me any of your cock-and-bull stories again. Eight men scared to death by one ghost!"

"Now that sounds sensible like," said Uncle Jerome, partially recovering himself; "are you in the body, Brother Merwin? and are you above or below?"

"Considerably above, I should think; if you want a chance to measure the distance, here it is;" at the same moment a small stick run through the crevices dropped down into their midst.

Instantly they were all on their feet with every fear removed; and Daniel, without waiting for another word, began to loosen the rope that held the boats.

"To Barrow's Rock," called Mr. Merwin.

"Aye, aye, sir; I'll be there in a jiffy!" and aplash in the water, the dip of oars, the "Gently there, boy, gently," of Uncle Jerome, and Daniel was on his way to the appointed place.

Barrow's Rock was a fine boulder projecting over the river in a shallow spot, affording a good landing-place, and well known as such to the few persons who frequented the banks of the stream for pickerel fishing. Hither, with long strokes of his oars, Daniel sent his boat; but when he reached it, he saw three figures instead of two standing there awaiting him. With a backward stroke he sent his skiff skimming far down the stream, and the act was received by a hearty burst of applause from Mr. Merwin.

"Well done, Daniel," he said, "for a back stroke I never saw a better; but what is the matter, man? Yonder," pointing towards the east, "is the dawn—did you ever see a ghost walk in daylight? Run her up, boy; we have a new guest for the cave, and a warm welcome he'll have, too. Come alongside with a slow, steady pull. Now!"

The boat grazed against the sloping sides of the rock, and lay still.

"Anson Gregg!" exclaimed Daniel, holding out both hands towards him.

"Anson Gregg himself, and nobody else," said Mr. Merwin. "Why should he not come on his own wedding-day;" but Anson spoke never a word, only grasped Daniel's hand in a firm, warm, loving grasp, then lifted Blossom into the boat.

"We thought we had lost you, little one," said Daniel, tenderly, as he moved to admit her.

"You forgot the old saying of the bad penny," answered Blossom, with a gaiety Daniel, poor Daniel, with a pain in his great heart, was at no loss to understand.

The grey light of day was beginning to be reflected on the edge of the falls when they reached the mouth of the cave. It gave to the real dangers of the place a weird and unearthly look. The recesses in the great overhanging rocks looked like crouching wild beasts, and the tall forest trees, which grew almost to their very edge, nodding in the stiff mountain breeze, like a whole tribe of Indian warriors decked for battle.

Often as Blossom had been at the cave before, and accustomed as she was to danger in all forms, there was something here this morning which told upon her exhausted nerves. She shivered when the boat came to anchor, and looked up the steep, slippery plank, with a blanching cheek. One step on to it, and then back, cowering down in the bottom of the boat, and holding on to its sides with the tenacity fear alone could give.

"So, then, my tired child," said Daniel, seeing her situation, even before Anson. "Come now," lifting her in his arms. "You don't weigh as much as little Tom, and he—" No more now, for they are on the swaying plank, and even Daniel feels the risk he has run, as he bends and balances with his precious burden. It is, however, quickly over; strong, steady hands are ready at the entrance to draw the exhausted girl within the cave, and when Mr. Merwin and Anson followed quickly, *safe*, the enthusiasm of their welcome can be better imagined than described.

When the light from the blazing fire fell full upon Anson Gregg, his dress told to almost every one there the reason of his delay. There is something in a great act, bravely accomplished, which invests the doer with respect amounting to awe. Standing there in what remained of his harlequin dress, never to the admiring gaze of those who were assembled, in all the great world, had there been, or could there be, a nobler-looking man—tattered garments, dishevelled hair, the torn cap and its broken rooster's-feather plume, the trailing straps of the worn shoes, all told the tale of mortal peril and of dauntless courage in escape. Not a question was asked. Too weighty the secrets learned, too near the hearts whose deepest

loves were for home and country, to be discussed then and there. Uncle Jerome was the first to break the oppressive silence which after a few minutes settled down upon them.

"Father Thompson," he said, with a genial smile lighting up his weather-worn face, "seeing as how we've got the bridegroom and the bride both together, and in full wedding rig (with a nod towards Anson), I propose the ceremony you came to perform should take place."

"Good," said Father Thompson, briefly rising and bowing to Anson Gregg.

Without another word, Anson took Blossom's hand and led her up before him.

"Kneel," said the minister, solemnly; and then lifting his hands and spreading them over them, he poured out, first of all, a solemn pean of thanksgiving, such as surely never ushered in a marriage ceremony before. As he ended, the flickering light of the wood fire blazed up with a strong steady flame, illuminating every corner of the cave, and throwing into most curious chiaro-oscuro the whole interior with its motley group. Foremost, of course, were Anson Gregg and Blossom,—

"And so, without e'en book or stole,
God's words were written on his soul."

Father Thompson performed the marriage rite, uttered the never-to-be-forgotten words, "Man and wife until death do you two part: what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." And as he finished these words, in through the low cave door streamed the daylight, almost as if it came to add its benison to Anson Gregg's wedding.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARIES.

THE works of Washington Irving are, we fear, not quite so generally read at the present day as they used to be forty years ago, so that possibly the following beautiful passage from his "Essay on the Mutability of Literature," familiar to readers of the last generation, may come with all the freshness of novelty to those of the present:—

"I was loitering about the old grey cloisters of Westminster Abbey, enjoying that luxury of wandering thought which we are apt to dignify by the name of reflection, when suddenly an irruption of mad-cap boys from Westminster School, playing at football, broke in upon the monastic stillness of the place, making the vaulted passages and mouldering tombs echo with their merriments. I sought to take refuge from their noise by penetrating still deeper into the solitudes of the pile, and applied to one of the vergers for admission to the library. He conducted me through a portal rich with the crumbling sculpture of former ages. I found myself in a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joists of old English oak. It was soberly lighted by a row of Gothic windows at a considerable height from the floor, and which apparently opened upon the roofs of the cloisters. An ancient picture of some reverend dignitary of the church in his robes hung over the fireplace. Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books arranged in carved eaken cases. They consisted principally of old polemical writers, and were much more worn by time than use. In the

centre of the library was a solitary table, with two or three books on it, an inkstand without ink, and a few pens parched by long disuse. The place seemed fitted for quiet study and profound meditation."

But we must not transcribe the whole essay, exquisite though it be; we recommend the reader who is in search of a pleasant book, to procure a copy of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book;" he will find in the calm humour of his pages a pleasure which the more sensational literature of our times does not always supply.

The picture of a 'cathedral library which we have quoted is true to the very life. They are old-world places, those libraries, with a musty smell of antiquity about them, and a look of peace and repose which strikes the occasional visitor as strange and almost awful in these days of hurry and bustle. The most unromantic and matter-of-fact Englishman, when he penetrates within their precincts, feels his imagination impelled to people the silent halls with the ghosts of the old monks and bygone theologians who used to study in them; and learns to look with respect upon the adventurous readers of former days who had the courage to encounter the portly folios which crowd the shelves. Idlers must have been terribly ill-off for light reading in the folio period, when a good book seldom contained fewer than a thousand closely-printed pages, or weighed less than fourteen pounds avoirdupois. No colour or gilding makes the exterior of these ponderous tomes attrac-

live; the thick pig-skin boards and stiff rusty clasps seem designed to debar all access to the interior; the names lettered on the back are all unknown to the general reader, who has not the least idea what or who is meant by the *Centuriatore*, *Suarez*, *Spanhemius*, and other strange names that meet his eye; and one peep at the contents is quite sufficient to satisfy his curiosity. Probably most of those who visit cathedral libraries—surely all the lady visitors (for we have sometimes had fair visitants during our labours in those monastic retreats)—acquiesce in the justice of Washington Irving's remark: "I could not but consider the library a kind of literary catacomb, where authors, like mummies, are piously entombed, and left to blacken and moulder in dusty oblivion."

As literary antiquarians, however, we must protest against so sweeping a condemnation. There is no doubt a good deal of useless rubbish stored up in these ancient libraries—dreary books which will never be read again, which indeed it is inconceivable that any one should ever have read; but we have heard the same remark made of modern libraries, and modern readers loudly complain that many of the books which issue from the press are little better than rubbish. For the tomes of scholastic theology, of forgotten theological wrangling, of legendary lives of the saints, we have nothing to say; let them receive honourable interment, it is better that they should be buried than that they should be studied: but side by side with them on the same shelf are other musty folios worthy of a better fate—the treasure-houses of the student of history, old chronicles, old county-histories, old family records, old expositions and commentaries which the modern divine may still peruse with profit to himself and to his hearers. In such works as these our cathedral libraries are rich: it is only in them, indeed, and in the universities, the British Museum, and the collections of some of our aristocratic families, that such works are to be found: they are too costly for the purse of the ordinary book-buyer, too bulky for the modest bookcase of the student; and dry and uninteresting as they seem to a careless glance, they are the mines from which many a standard work, many a pleasant magazine article, have been extracted.

Other volumes are still more interesting to the antiquarian; precious specimens of the works of our early printers; Bibles that are almost the sole survivors of the older editions of the Holy Book; volumes which once were the property of some of the greatest names in the annals of our country. Lambeth, St. Paul's, and Durham are rich in old English Bibles; Lichfield rejoices in the Gospel-book of St. Chad, the patron-saint of the church, said to be in his own handwriting; Exeter possesses the original Domesday Book of the three western shires; at Salisbury, Ripon, and Hereford there are Caxtons; in Wells an early edition of Aristotle's works bears the inscription *Sum Erasmi Roterdami* (I belong to Erasmus of Rotterdam); in Durham, manuscripts in the handwriting of the venerable Bede are still preserved; in Lambeth may still be seen the books which Cranmer used in those studies which have had such an abiding influence on the religion of England; whilst scarcely any of the cathedral libraries are without one or two choice specimens of gorgeously illuminated missals, the work of long-departed monks.

All is peaceful enough now within the learned retreats; nothing disturbs the reader except the creaking boots of the substantial prebendary who

performs the almost sinecure duty of librarian, or the jackdaws cawing in the cathedral towers, or the distant swell of the organ and the choir. But even into these secluded abodes the din of war and pillage has penetrated. In very early days the books were scattered to the winds by the invading Danes; the Reformation consigned many to the flames and to ignoble uses, chiefly service-books of the abolished Papal religion, though others of more value doubtless shared the same fate; Cromwell's troopers played sad havoc among them; and under the Commonwealth many of the most valuable volumes were stolen. Even in our own days accident and violence have not been unknown: only forty years ago, during a fit of political excitement in Bristol, the mob broke into the cathedral library, and most of the books were burnt or thrown into the Avon, the rioters singling out the largest volumes as special objects of their indignation, under the impression that they were Bibles. Several thousand volumes thus perished, and only a few hundreds were subsequently recovered from marine-stores and other similar depositories.

In truth, however, damp and carelessness have been the chief enemies of the libraries. The little white grubs, so seldom seen, though familiarly known as *bookworms*, have been allowed for centuries to eat their way through unused folios; damp has reduced many volumes to mere masses of fetid discoloured pulp; and, through the carelessness of the librarians, hundreds of volumes, and some of these among the rarest and most valuable, have disappeared, borrowed by readers who have never returned them, no uncommon occurrence, as many of us know to our cost, for "though few are very good at accounts, all are sufficiently skilful as book-keepers." Cathedral Chapters are usually spoken of as learned bodies, and are supposed to be zealously addicted to the study of grave and aged tomes; but the state of the libraries entrusted to their care is hardly very creditable to them. Book after book has been allowed to disappear even from cathedrals whose deans have acquired distinguished renown as men of letters. Only a few years ago, it was customary, by *tipping* the verger, to obtain permission to cut out the illuminations in the ancient manuscripts of one cathedral library; whilst in another, one of the most valuable works has been seriously injured by the rude handling of visitors, to whom it used to be shown as the largest and heaviest book in the collection. The dean and chapter of one of the cathedrals, not very many years ago, disposed of a number of Caxtons of priceless value, in order to purchase some *current literature*; and only the other year, an enthusiastic scholar, who had hunted in vain through the library for a magnificent copy of one of the rarest editions of the Bible, actually found it used by the ignorant verger as a convenient prop to keep the window open!

Attempts have indeed been made in most cases to prevent the recurrence of such carelessness; but it may be doubted whether the remedy is not as bad as the disease. To lock up the libraries as preserves for the exclusive use of the cathedral clergy, is simply to consign the books once again to dust and decay. Something surely might be devised to utilise them; for after all losses, they are still noble collections, including most of those works of reference without which the student cannot prosecute his researches in history or in literature. At present these libraries, ranging from five thousand to fifteen thousand volumes each, are almost inaccessible; they can only

be visited by permission; they are only open occasionally. In general it is necessary to make some special arrangement with the librarian some days beforehand; he waits on you while you prosecute your work, and gives you very plainly to understand by his demeanour and gestures, that you are intruding upon his time, and that he will be heartily glad to get quit of you. In fact, with the exception of Lambeth, they are practically useless; and so far as men of letters are concerned, they might as well be sold to our American cousins, who would probably pay a good price, and make good use of them.

We hope, however, that some nobler fate is in store for these oldest of English libraries. Lovers of books are not rare; and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners might, for a very modest stipend, secure the services of some librarian who would prevent the books from being stolen, and would arrest the devastations of the bookworms and the damp. Even if nothing further were done than to throw them freely open to all the clergy of the diocese, this would be a vast step in advance, and a most legitimate development of the original object of their pious founders. But we see no good reason why their usefulness might not be still further extended; why we might not have in each cathedral city a free and open collection of books of solid and abiding value, which are as essential to the labours of the real student as the circulating library is to the mere lounging reader of new books.

THIRTY YEARS OF THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY JOHN TIMES.

IX.

AFTER the death of the Duke of Wellington, Apsley House was thrown open for a brief period to the public; and the privilege was of especial interest in association with the memory of the great captain. The costly works of art presented to the hero of so many victories were inspected by the visitors. At the foot of the Grand Staircase is Canova's colossal marble statue of Napoleon, holding a bronze figure of Victory in his right hand. This is Canova's noblest and most antique-looking work; it is eleven feet high, and, except the left arm, was cut from one block of marble. It was presented to the Duke by the Allied Sovereigns of Europe. A pair of Sevres porcelain vases, presented by Louis XVIII., are very fine. The Picture Gallery, in which the Waterloo banquet, on the 18th of June, was held, contains candelabra of Russian porphyry, presented by the Emperor Nicholas, and vases of porphyry, by the King of Sweden. In the Small Drawing-room are two services of Sevres china, one presented by Louis XVIII., the other formerly belonging to Joseph, King of Spain. In the China Room are portions of services of Russian and Saxon China, presented by the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and Louis XVIII.; and the silver plateau presented by the Regent of Portugal for services during the Peninsular War, from 1808 to 1811. Opposite the entrance is the Wellington Shield, designed by T. Stothard, R.A., and in general treatment resembling Flaxman's Shield of Achilles. It is silver-gilt, about 3 feet 8 inches in diameter, and cost £7,000. In the centre is the Duke of Wellington on horseback, the head of his charger forming the

loop of the shield; around him are his illustrious officers; above is Fame crowning the Duke with a wreath of laurel; at his feet are prostrate figures of Anarchy, Discord, and Tyranny. The wonder of this central group is the management of the horses within the circle of oak-branches, the evolutions of the chargers emanating from the centre—in itself a most original conception. The border of the shield is in ten compartments, bearing bas-reliefs of the principal events of the Duke's military life, to the peace of 1814, and the Duke receiving his coronet from the Prince Regent.* The Shield is flanked by a column 4 feet 3 inches high, with palm-tree capitals and emblematic figures, military trophies, and weapons, designed by Smirke.

The great Duke's private room, and his bedroom, the public were permitted to inspect, precisely arranged as they were last used by his Grace, in September, 1852; the library he consulted, the reference books he kept beside him, the mass of papers, maps, and documents, even to the latest magazine, were left undisturbed. The Duke's room is lined with bookcases and despatch-boxes; and among the ornaments is a medallion of Jenny Lind. In the Secretary's room is a rough painted box, which accompanied the Duke through all his wars, and in which he stowed away his private documents, and whereon he wrote many of his despatches, and traced the order for military manoeuvres.

"The Duke's Bedroom" is narrow, shapeless, and ill-lighted; the bedstead small, provided only with a mattress and bolster, and scantily curtained with green silk; the only ornaments in the room being one unfinished sketch of the present Duchess of Wellington, two cheap prints of military men, and a small portrait in oil. Yet here slept the Great Duke, whose "eightieth year was by." In the grounds and shrubbery he took daily walking exercise; where, with the garden engine, he was wont to enjoy exertion. This information I received on my visit from one of the attendants. The garden-engine exercise reminded me of the sort of parallel, in the Journal of Captain Nicholls, quoted in Sir Hudson Lowe's Letters and Journals: Jan. 2, 1820. "General Bonaparte was amusing himself with the pipe of the fire-engine, sputting water on the trees and flowers in his favourite garden."

The collection of pictures is of world-wide celebrity. Here are "The Card-players," by Caravaggio, fine in expression, and marvellous in colour, light, and shade; "The Great Duke of Marlborough on Horseback," probably by Vandermeulen; "Chelsea Pensioner reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," a commission to Wilkie from the Duke of Wellington, for which he paid 1,200 guineas in bank-notes. The companion picture, "Greenwich Pensioners," by Burnet, and bought from him by the Duke for 500 guineas. Next is "Van Amburgh in the Den with Lions and Tigers," painted by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., after the instructions of the Duke, who, with the Bible in his hand, pointed out the passage (Gen. i. 26) in which dominion is given to Adam over the earth and animals. The Duke "caused the text to be inscribed on the

* When Mr. R. T. Stothard attended with his father, who was then engaged upon the shield of Wellington, in superintending the chasers, at Camberwell, many parts of the shield that the men had been at work upon, at high salaries, had to be sacrificed, and fresh silver soldered on, and the work to be done over again. One of the chasers, in extenuation of the fault which he had committed, observed: "We do nothing in this country better than tempos."—Report of the Select Committee on Arts and Principles of Design, March, 1836. By R. T. Stothard.

frame as an authority which conferred on him a privilege of power, and gave to himself 'the great commission,' which he carried out on the fields of battle and chase" ("Quarterly Review," No. 184). Among the portraits is Sarah, the first Lady Lyndhurst, by Wilkie; the canvas was pierced by a stone during a Reform Bill riot, but it has been cleverly repaired. Here are at least six portraits of Napoleon; also, full-lengths of the Emperor Alexander, and Kings of Prussia, France, and the Netherlands. Still, there is no faithful or worthy representation of the Duke of Wellington in the collection, nor statesmen of his generation—not even Peel. There is but one battle scene—Waterloo—taken from Napoleon's head-quarters, by Sir William Allan. Of this picture, the Duke observed, "Good, very good—not too much smoke." In the Picture Gallery is a copy of the Windsor "Charles I on Horseback." Here is the gem of the collection, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," by Correggio, on a panel, the most celebrated specimen of the master in this country. The light proceeds from the Saviour. This picture was captured in Spain, in the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte, and restored by the captor to Ferdinand VII, but was presented to the Duke by that sovereign. Next in excellence are the examples of Velasquez, chiefly portraits; a Female holding a Wreath, by Titian; specimens of Claude, Teniers, and Jan Steen; the "Signing of the Peace of Westphalia," by Terburgh, from the Talleyrand collection. The Gallery and the Waterloo Banquet are well seen in Salter's large picture, engraved by Greatbach; and the Duke receiving his Guests has been painted by J. P. Knight, R.A.

The exterior of Apsley House had bullet-proof Venetian blinds (the first of the kind), which were put up by the Duke of Wellington after his windows had been broken by the Reform Bill mobs; and these blinds were not removed during the Duke's lifetime. "They shall stay where they are," was his remark, "as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no good reason. I don't blame the men that broke my windows: they only did what they were instigated to do by others, who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think that a glance towards these iron shutters will soon sober him." The blinds have long been removed.

Across the road, upon the Green Park arch, is the colossal equestrian statue of the Great Duke, placed there six years before his death. This stupendous statue has a curious history; and its execution was, from time to time, graphically reported in the "Illustrated London News." It was modelled by Matthew Cotes Wyatt, and his son James Wyatt, at Dudley Grove House, Harrow Road: it was commenced in 1840, occupied three years, and took more than one hundred tons of plaster. It portrays the Duke of Wellington upon his favourite horse "Copenhagen," at the field of Waterloo. The Duke sat to the sculptor for the portrait; the head is remarkably fine, and the likeness good. The warrior wears his customary short cloak, which the artist has draped somewhat classically. The entire group weighs 40 tons; its height approaches 30 feet, and within half of the horse eight persons once dined. The girth of the horse is 22 feet 2 inches; nose to tail, 26 feet; length of head, 5 feet; length of

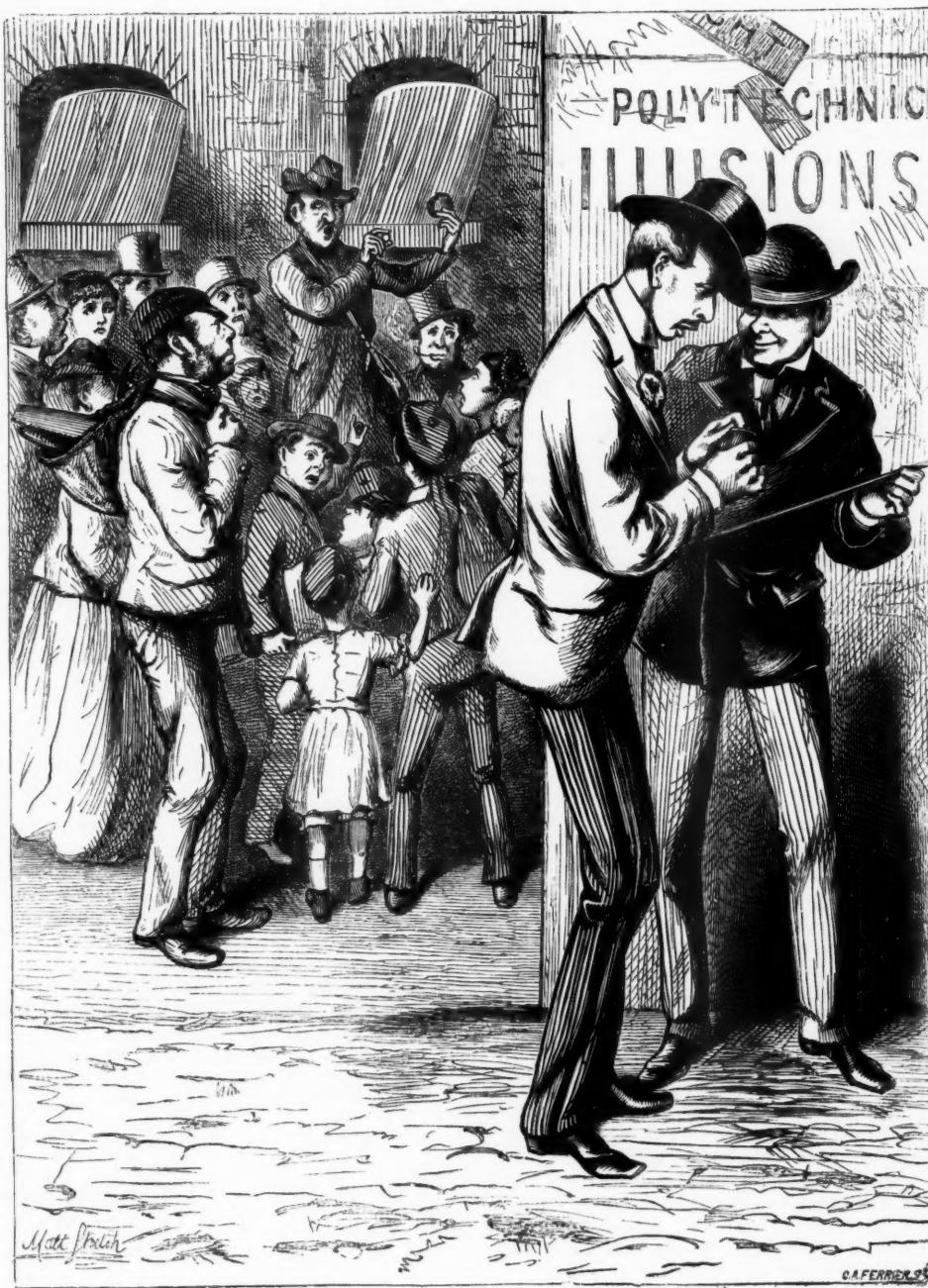
each ear, 2 feet 4 inches. The group is cast in about eight pieces, which are fastened with screws and fixed together, thirty workmen being often employed at one time upon the bronze. It is stated that the metal is from guns captured by the Duke in his various campaigns, and contributed by the Board of Ordnance. This was promised; but only one gun was given to cast the head: and from three to four tons of the rest of the forty were contributed on a division of what was left from the City statue of the Duke, between the Nelson Monument (for the capital), in Trafalgar Square, and the Wellington group on the Green Park arch. I remember to have passed a morning very agreeably in listening to the details of this vast work. Upon its completion, the group was conveyed from the Harrow Road, on an immense car, drawn by forty horses, to the Green Park arch, September 28th, 1846: it was raised by crabs, the process occupying several hours, and being witnessed from Apsley House by the Queen-Dowager Adelaide and the Duke of Wellington. The statue cost about £30,000, and originated from the close contest for the execution of the Wellington statue in the City; and both statues emanated from a suggestion of Mr. T. B. Simpson, of the Court of Common Council, Lime Street Ward. A singular fact has been remarked by the "Quarterly Review," that "in fine afternoons the sun casts the shadow of the Duke's equestrian statue full upon Apsley House, and the sombre image may be seen gliding, spirit-like, over the front."

Many of my readers will remember the Funeral Car, which for a long time remained at Marlborough House for public examination. The "Illustrated London News" had that year as its frontispiece a masterly drawing of it by John Gilbert, who, thirty years previously, had made drawings for the first number of the "Illustrated London News." In no illustration of its class has Mr. Gilbert more displayed the richness and picturesqueness of his style than in his drawing of this State Car, which is now to be seen in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

JACK BOGUS.

ONE of the first lessons in prudence we get in our childhood comes to us metaphorically in the shape of a warning never to buy "a pig in a poke." There is a world of wisdom involved in this oracular monition, and people of all ranks would benefit not a little by giving due heed to it. But the population of the streets is not so purely prosaic as it has generally the credit of being, and though it does not like to be cheated, it does like a little mystery, it is not averse to a little cajolery and flattery, while it is notoriously fond of a bargain, or even the chance of a bargain, and has no objection to speculate in a small way in the hopes of getting one. These phases of the popular mind are perfectly well known and appreciated by Jack Bogus, who, having been born and bred in the classic purlieus of the Seven Dials, has learned the art of turning them to account, and turns them to account accordingly.

Our artist has shown us how he does the business. It is a summer's evening, and the sun is about sinking, when Jack takes his stand upon some temporary elevation in a judiciously selected spot a little apart



from the main current of traffic, and which, if it is not a paved court or *cul-de-sac*, is a sideway leading to nowhere particular, and is on that account favourable to his purpose, as he can there easily gather a small crowd around him. He selects this time of day and a situation not brightly illuminated when the gas is turned on, simply because a subdued light is necessary for the successful consummation of his performances. He trusts mainly to his eloquence, which is a constantly-running stream, Jack having the gift which scholastic persons sometimes call *copia fandi*, but his "pals" call "patter" in the highest perfection. He is also obliged to trust in some degree to the sharpness of his vision, which he is constantly exercising in all directions, with special reference to the possible appearance of Policeman X among his audience. The sight of that tall functionary's helmet is almost the only thing which disturbs Jack's copious flow of language, and at times it is evidently so agitating to his nerves as to spoil his little game altogether and send him suddenly off in search of other quarters.

For Mr. Bogus comes out in the twilight with the design of making a little money by a species of traffic which is anything but fair and honest—his single intention being to confirm and illustrate the truth of an ancient adage having reference to fools and their money. His merchandise may be aptly described as "a pig in a poke," seeing that the purchaser whom he can succeed, like the ancient mariner, in "fixing with his glittering eye," never knows what he will have in exchange for his cash until the cash is paid and the bargain (?) is in hand. Jack's voice is loud and rather creaky, penetrating to a good distance—and it is quite startling to witness what a variety of odd forms his flexible mouth will assume while he holds forth, as he will do for five minutes together without pause or hesitation—while that mischievous eye of his is flashing and flickering right and left, this way and that, in quest of a probable customer. Of course he lies incessantly, and indeed, if anything on earth could astonish so old and cool a hand as Jack Bogus, it would be the discovery on his part that any one should be green enough to imagine he spoke the truth.

When, by dint of bawling, he has lured a group of simpletons round him, Jack will disburthen himself somewhat in the following manner, after a system of grammar, you will perceive, not moulded on that of Mr. Lindley Murray, and with a delightful unconsciousness of punctuation to which one might almost award the merit of originality.

"Here you are ladies and gemmen come agin yer see as I telled yer the tother night which if so be there's any man as offers a better bargain nor me I'd like to know where to fine him that's all a gold ring an' a pair o' drops fit for the Dowager Duchess o' Dunahoo's darter a real gold suvrin a pair o' dimond studs a silver thimmie an' a bakker-stopper all shet up in this ere ansome easkit an' all for sixpence no more an' no less who ses done let the young lady come forrad there you small boy and don't be a diggin' everlastin' wi' them helbers o' yourn you asks how I can sell a gold suvrin for sixpence an' a lot of other harticles on to it dear 'art alive it's for a gemman I does it as have bin, an' laid a wager wi' the Dook o' Kamberidge as I'll sell four hundred of 'em in a hundred hours though I doubts if I shall win the wager for the gemman folks is so unbelievin' which it ain't nothin' to me yer see cos I gits paid for my trouble

sell 'em or not sell 'em (thanky sir sold agin) who has the nex' lot here's the nex' lot a gold ring a pair o' drops a gold suvrin a pair o' dimond studs a silver thimmie an' bakker-stopper the lot is well chose which they suits either a lady or a gent and mootual compliments to both if yer don't want the drops sir mayhap your sweetheart do an' if yer don't wear studs miss your young man might like to 'ave 'em. don't I wish I was a buyer to-day instead of a seller wouldn't I lug in a lot o' tin," etc., etc., etc.

This sort of stuff rolls in a ceaseless volley from Jack's mouth, and all the while he is dexterously fingering the items of his bargain one after another in a way to dazzle the eyes of the gaping group. There is a remarkable contrast between the vicious cunning of the rogue's face and the artless simplicity of language he will at times make use of. Still with all his cunning and effrontery, it is a wonder that simpletons can be found in sufficient number to make his trade profitable. Were not the fools in such a huge majority among us, Jack might bawl himself hoarse all day long and weary his lungs for nought. But the humiliating truth is, there is no snare, however palpable—no fraud, however gross—but some one will be found in London streets to be victimised by it. Two such idlers are seen in the foreground of our illustration; characteristic specimens they are of a class of which London has no reason to be proud—budding swells of the pavement, built up as to their outward man of the cheap and rubbishy fashions of the slop-shop, having little cash and less brains, and no inclination for industry of any sort; the plague of their mothers, who know they are out, but would fain keep them at home, and a nuisance in the public promenades.

The Jack Boguses of London can hardly be regarded as regular street traders; they are rather erratic experimenters on the gullibility of the public, they "come like shadows, so depart," starting up suddenly in spots convenient for them, and making themselves scarce for obvious reasons when their temporary harvest is reaped. Sometimes the unsuspecting purchaser of their trash gets angry on discovering the fraud—will throw the worthless wares back to the seller, and demand his money again. In the last case Jack will launch at him a shower of mingled sarcasm and virulent abuse, not at all wanting in humour, which is pretty sure to turn the laugh against the complainant, though it is apt to have the effect of stopping Jack's trade for a time, even if it does not break up the assembly.

The most profitable theatre of this Bogus business is in the outskirts of racecourses, fairs, mops, and such like country gatherings in rural districts. It is but rarely that a country fair comes off without the performances of one or more of this bawling brotherhood, who must, we imagine, find it much easier to cheat the simple rustic lad or lass than the more wide-awake city populace. But in country crowds sixpences are comparatively scarce, and the wonderful bargain has to be tried on a lower scale, often as low as a penny. At the same low figure the game is sometimes set a going during the long summer evenings in the very midst of the Saturday night market, where it forms one of the elements of noisy merriment and practical fun that make up the grotesque character of the scene, until the policeman is seen advancing, whose presence puts the extinguisher upon it of a sudden, the operator vanishing out of sight.



The Message of an Aeolian Harp.

COD-BYE, my mother!"
The brown-haired boy,
with merry reverence,
Turned from the window where she leant,
to meet
His holiday companions, blithely
bound
With bat and ball for healthy
English sport.
She watched his lithesome form,
so slight yet strong,
Till, passing from the gate, he
waved his cap
And vanished. Then she sighed.

Beside her sat
A friend of years. A different portrait each
Who knew her would have drawn, for different traits
Shone out in turn as sympathetic gleams
Fell on them or flashed out. And few could tell
The colour of her eyes, or grey or brown,
Because the hue was lost in light or shade;
Nor if her mouth were large or small, because
The play of thought made visible was there,
Like shifting rainbows on white foam. Her hair
Was dark, and she was rather tall; and this
Was all in which most people would agree.
Not always sigh for sigh or smile for smile
She gave, for now and then fine tact of heart
Suggests an opposite as best response,
Completing by contrasting, like a scarlet flower
With soft green leaves. So with her rippling voice,
Like waters that now murmur low, now leap
In spray-like laughter, Beatrice replied
To Eleanor's slow sigh :

"When he comes home
How full of cricket stories he will be!
'Tis most amusing when he gives accounts,
Sparkling with boyish wit, yet earnestly,
As if an empire hung upon the raatch:
Only one needs a glossary of terms.
How well he knows the interest with which
You hear. I mark he intersperses all
With rough pet names—warm veils of tenderness
For his dear mother. Eleanor, I think
Your Hubert has not merely head and hand,
As all his comrades know, but heart as well,
As you alone know fully. Well for him
That he has such a heart to meet his own;
And well for you, for 'tis a blessed gift,
Not shared by all alike, the power to love;
And not less blessed for proportioned pain,
Its fiery seal, its royal crown of thorns!"

"So seems it, Beatrice, to you who find
No lurking danger in its concentration,
Because you have so many near and dear.
Not so to me. I tremble when I think
How much I love him, but I turn away
From thinking of it just to love him more.
Indeed, I fear too much."

"Dear Eleanor,
Do you love him as much as Christ loves us?
Let your lips answer me."

"Why ask me, dear?
Our hearts are finite, Christ's is infinite."

"Then, till you reach the standard of that love
Let neither fears, nor well-meant warning voice,
Distress you with 'too much,' for His hath said—
How much!—and who shall dare to change His measure?
—'That ye should love as I have loved you.'
Oh, sweet command, that goes so far beyond
The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart!
A bare permission had been much, but He
Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,
Chose graciously to bid us do the thing
That makes our earthly happiness, and set
A limit that we need not fear to pass,
Because we cannot. Oh, the breadth and length
And depth and height of love that passeth knowledge!—
Yet Jesus said, 'AS I have loved you!'"

"Oh, Beatrice, I long to feel the sunshine
That this should bring; but there are other words
Which fall in chill eclipse. 'Tis written, 'Keep
Yourselves from idols.' How shall I obey?"

"Dear, not by loving less, but loving more.
It is not that we love our precious ones
Too much, but God too little. As the lamp
A miner bears upon his shadowed brow
Is only dazzling in the grimy dark,
And has no glare against the summer sky,
So, set the tiny torch of our best love
In the great sunshine of the love of God,
And though full fed and fanned, it casts no shade,
And dazes not, o'erflowed with stronger light."

She watched in hope to see the pale lips curve
More peacefully in answer to her words,
But Eleanor's quick spirit bridged too soon
The gap between one ridge of anxious thought
And that beyond, to see the glen between,
Where pastures green and waters still were spread.
So, answering not her friend's thought but her own,
She said, "'Tis but half true that love is power;
'Tis sometimes weakness."

"Nay, you have not found
It so at all; see how the bold bright boy,
Wilful and wayward else, will follow prompt
The magnet of your wish, with sudden swerve
From his own bent or fancy."

"That is true,
And oh, so sweet to me! But by the power
I gauge the weakness. Beatrice, your heart
Has ached with longing for some stranger soul,
That it might flee from danger to the One,
The only refuge; you have felt keen pain
In calling those who will not come to Him
Who waits to give them life; but I, I strive
For one far more than all the world to me—
My boy, my only one, and fatherless,
Just entering the labyrinth of life
Without its only clue, with nothing but
My feeble hand to shield from power of ill.
His mind is opening fast, and I have tried
To show the excellency of the knowledge
Of Jesus Christ our Lord. He listens well
To please his mother, whom he would not grieve,
But never pulse of interest I feel,
And echoless the name of Jesus falls,
While classic heroes stir him with delight.
My boy, my only one! I taught him words,
When, years ago, his tiny feet peeped out
From the white nightgown in the nursery hush,

And, folding firm the busy little hands,
He lisped, 'Our Father.' But words are not prayer.
I put the lamp of life in his small hand,
Filling his memory with shining truths
And starry promises. He learnt them all
For love of me, just as he would have learnt
Some uncouth string of barbarous names,
Had I so wished—no more. They are no light
To him, no strength, no joy. Oh, Beatrice,
'Tis this that presses on my weary heart,
And makes it more than widowed. For I know
That he who is not lost but gone before,
Is only waiting till I come, for death
Has only parted us a little while,
And has not severed even the finest strand
In the eternal cable of our love;
The very strain has twined it closer still,
And added strength. The music of his life
Is nowise stilled, but blended so with songs
Around the throne of God, that our poor ears
No longer hear it. Hubert's life is mute
As yet; and what if all my tuning fail?"
And Eleanor looked up among the clouds
With weary wistful eyes, while Beatrice
Sent a far-passing glance beyond them all,
Beyond the sunshine too.

A sudden smile
Rose from within and overflowed her lips,
And made them beautiful. Poor Eleanor
Deemed it the herald of some happy thought,
Some message, it might be, from God to her,
Wrapped in the simple words of friend to friend.
We do not always know it when we have
The privilege to be God's messengers,
Nor who shall be His messengers to us.
Unconsciously a pale responsive smile
Gleamed out to welcome it, and hardly waned
As unexpected change of subject came.
"I did not tell you, did I, of my gift,
My beautiful Aeolian harp?"

"Oh no!
I was too full of mine, my boy, and you
Too full of ready sympathy with me."

"Nay, do not say *too* full, that could not be;
Yours is so great a gift, so great a care,
I shall not tire of thinking with you thus
Until I do not love you, which means never.
But as we turn from gazing on the sea
To lift admiringly a tiny shell,
So you shall turn from your great interest
To hear of my Aeolian treasure now.
Say, have you ever seen one?"

"Never, dear;
But visible and almost audible
Your words shall make it."

"There's not much to see;
Two plain smooth boards, one thick, one very thin,
With seven tensioned strings upon the under,
Just covered by the upper, and a space
That you might lay a finger in between,
Yet one can almost reverence the thing
For very marvel at its spirit tones
And mysteries of music that we love
But cannot understand."

"But tell me more,
Dear Beatrice, what is its music like?
Whence comes it? and what does it say to you?"

"'Tis easier to answer what and whence,
Than your third question, for not twice
I hear the same soul-message from its strings;

But I will tell you of the first it brought;
Your heart will follow mine, and trace the underthought.

I.

"A friend, a kind, dear friend,
Gave me this harp that should be all my own,
That it might speak to me in twilight lone,
When other sounds were fled; that it might send
Sweet messages of calming, cheering might,
Sweet sudden thrills of strange and exquisite delight.

II.

"Upon the strings I laid my hand,
And all were tuned in unison, one tone
Was yielded by the seven, one alone,
In quick obedience to my touch-command;
It could not be that this was all he meant
Of promised music, when my little harp was sent.

III.

"To win its tones I found the way
In his own letter, mine before the gift:
'You cannot wake its music till you lift
The closed sash. Take up and gently lay
Your harp where it may meet the freshening air,
Then wait and listen.' This I did, and left it there.

IV.

"I waited till the sun had set,
And twilight fell upon the autumn sea;
I watched and saw the north wind touch a tree,
Dark outlined on the paling gold, and yet
My harp was mute. I cried, 'Awake, O north,
Come to my harp, and call its answering music forth.'

V.

"Like stars that tremble into light
Out of the purple dark, a low sweet note
Just trembled out of silence, antidote
To any doubt, for never finger might
Produce that note, so different, so new,
Melodious pledge that all he promised should come true.

VI.

"It seemed to die, but who could say
Whether or when it passed the border line
'Twixt sound and silence! for no ear so fine
That it can trace the subtle shades away;
Like prism-rays prolonged beyond our ken,
Like memories that fade, we know not how or when.

VII.

"Then strange vibrations rose and fell,
Like far sea-murmurs blending in a dream
With madrigals, whose fairy singers seem
Now near, now distant, and a curfew bell,
Whose proper tone in one air-filling crowd
Of strong harmonics hides, as in a dazzling cloud.

VIII.

"Then delicately twining falls
Of silvery chords that quiver with sweet pain,
And melt in tremulous minors, mount again,
Brightening to fullest concords, calm recalls,
And measured pulsings, soft and sweet and slow,
Which emphasizing touch love's quiet underglow.

IX.

"A silence. Then a solemn wail,
Swelling far up among the harmonies,
And shattering the crystal melodies
To fleeting fragments, glistening pale,
Yet only to combine them all anew,
By resolutions strange, yet always sweet and true.

X.

"Anon a thrill of all the strings,
And then a flash of music swift and bright,
Like a first throb of weird auroral light,
Then crimson coruscations from the wings
Of the Pole-Spirit; then ecstatic beat,
As if an angel-host went forth on shining feet.

XI.

"Soon passed the sounding starlit march,
And then one swelling note grew full and long,
While like a far-off old cathedral song,
Through dreamy length of echoing aisle and arch,
Float softest harmonies around, above,
Like flowing chordal robes of blessing and of love.

XII.

"Thus while the holy stars did shine
And listen, these Aeolian marvels breathed,
While love and peace and gratitude enwreathed
With rich delight, in one fair crown were mine.
The wind that bloweth where it listeth brought
This glory of harp music, not my skill or thought."

She ceased. Then Eleanor looked up
And said, "Oh, Beatrice, I too have tried
My finger-skill in vain. But opening now
My window, like wise Daniel, I will set
My little harp therein, and listening wait
The breath of heaven, the spirit of our God."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

REVOLUTION AND PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

II.

It will be seen that Japanese daimios, even of the highest class, have not the *pur sang* of native nobility. Before the recent revolution the title of "daimio" implied, in the first degree, a holder of land upon feudal tenure from the tycoon, which yielded a total yearly return of produce valued at 10,000 kokus of rice—a sum equivalent to about seven thousand five hundred pounds sterling. But it does not follow that every landed proprietor having a rental of this amount is a daimio; for some of the retainers of the wealthiest daimios have a larger income from lands held of them as superiors instead of the tycoon. Some idea of the possessions of these great daimios may be entertained from their revenues, according to the official list issued by the Japanese Government; the value of a koku of rice being calculated at the standard rate of eleven silver itzeboos, equal to fifteen shillings. Highest on the roll we find the chief of the family and clan of Mayedda, with a revenue of 1,027,700 kokus (£770,775). Next on the list is the famous chief of the house of Shimadzoo, called Satsuma, after one of the provinces that owes allegiance to him, besides the Loochoo Islands. His revenue is set down at 710,000 kokus (£532,500), but from the advantageous position of his territories, including some wealthy cities, such as Kagosima, there are data for concluding that his income is the greatest of any daimio in Japan. At all events, he is the most powerful of his class, having the largest and best-armed legion of retainers, a large number equipped on the most improved European system, including artillery in his batteries, where may be seen rifled ordnance from his own manufactories.

Without entering further into the material strength and resources of the twenty-one great daimios, enough has been shown to prove that if they have not the hereditary rank of the nobles at the mikado's court, they possess physical force and means which, in the eyes of foreigners, constitute a practical rank that is second only, in their opinion, to that of the sovereign himself. Hence in their intercourse foreign representatives invariably style them as princes, such as the Prince of Satsuma, the Prince of Nangato, the princes of Owarri, Eetzen, and others with whom they have come in contact.

These are the Pembroke, the Warwicks, the Leicesters, and the Percys of Japan, who are properly speaking the barons of the realm, whose prowess in the field and skill in warfare will stand comparison with similar qualifications in the English barons of the thirteenth century. Not the least curious resemblance between the forces of the belligerents at periods so remote, and territories almost at the antipodes of each other on the globe, is the use of armour by the chiefs and certain corps of their armies. Though the bright polished cuirass and helmet worn by the old English knights differs in form from those of the Japanese daimios, yet the entire panoply of rider and horse presents the same complete suit of defensive armour. Examples of these might have been seen by the visitor to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, where the great daimios we have named sent magnificent equipments of their armour and arms. Among the foot soldiery of these daimios there are companies of men clad in baldric and morion, like the men-at-arms of the feudal period in Europe, and these carry banners with the escutcheons of their chiefs, while every retainer has his master's crest emblazoned on his tunic. This practice of wearing crests is universal among the privileged classes in Japan, from the mikado downwards, whose crest is a circle with lines radiating from the centre, like a chrysanthemum flower. This fact is interesting, as a book on Japanese heraldry could illustrate as great a variety of these family insignia as those contained in our own heraldic works.

Next in order come the retainers of the daimios, constituting the most formidable and dangerous class in the realm; so much so that the government and the daimios themselves have long been afraid of their growing power. In this respect they may be compared to the Turkish Janissaries of former times; and it is one of the most important reforms to be overcome by the revolution, how to lessen their number by disbandment without creating an irresponsible body of men used to arms, who would rather rob than labour honestly. Some idea of their number may be estimated from the statistics of the population of Yedo in 1862, computed at 1,554,840, out of whom the retainers of daimios present in that city, obedient to the late tycoon's command, were 432,000. More than half of these men are armed with muskets, and all the *Yakonins*, or non-commissioned officers, as well as the superior officers, carry two swords in the girdle of the finest steel, and as sharp as a razor. The *Ronins*, or soldiers of the daimios, are distinguished from the troops under the tycoon, as commander-in-chief of the forces. Foreigners know less about them than the regular troops, but what is known of them is not to their credit. Bands of them are heard of in plundering the industrious inhabitants, and when they appear near the foreign settlements they display an undis-

guised enmity to the residents. They appear to be the swash-bucklers of Japan, assuming an air of braggadocio as they swagger through the streets, as history informs us was the case with the Alsatians in mediæval London. Generally they are arrant cowards, and in trying to insult a foreigner by a bullying demeanour while touching the sword-hilt, they will fly at the sight of a revolver. As the first stroke with their deadly swords is an upward cut from the sheath, all foreigners are advised to go armed, and present their pistols at intending assassins before they have time to unsheathe their swords. Notwithstanding all precautions, however, the number of assassinations on foreigners in Japan has been considerable, and chiefly attributed to these armed retainers of the wealthy daimios.

An inferior grade of the privileged classes formerly existed, bearing the title of *Shomio*, comprising all holders of land under the tycoon, producing an annual income above one thousand and below ten thousand kokus of rice. These are now known as *Hattamoto*, and form a numerous and influential element in the body politic, as they fill most of the subordinate offices in the government departments. It is this privilege of being eligible for office which distinguishes the class to which the less wealthy but greater number of daimios belong. These are named *Fudai*, numbering about two hundred, and, until the revolution, they filled all the offices under the tycoon, such as the *Gotairo*, or Regent; the *Gorogio*, or Cabinet; the *Waka-toshyori*, or Second Cabinet, and all subordinate appointments in his gift. This high functionary, therefore, not only commanded the military and naval forces of the sovereign, but was the supreme head of the civil administration; just as if the Admiralty, the Horse-Guards, and Downing Street offices were all under one man. Moreover, while this office was elective among the daimios, yet they were restricted in their choice to the male members of four families who claimed descent from the first tycoons, Taikosama and Iyeyas; but the person elected could not hold office without the sanction of the mikado. Here we have a system of government under the influence of powerful families as used to be in England. The late tycoon of Japan belongs to the powerful family of Tokugawa, and is named Yoshi Hisa, said to be one of the most able and enlightened personages who has filled that office in modern times. Also, what is of great importance in our consideration, he is most friendly to foreigners, and to him we are indebted for many of the privileges now enjoyed in the treaty ports of Japan.

On the other hand, the daimios belonging to the upper twenty-one, while enjoying almost despotic power in their own provinces, possessed little or no influence in the administration of the tycoon. Before the recent advent of foreigners at the treaty ports, this was a matter of small consideration, as far as their material interests were concerned. But when that took place through treaties with the tycoon as the supposed monarch of Japan, who opened no ports but what were under his immediate jurisdiction, these semi-independent daimios took alarm at the increasing power of one in rank no higher than themselves, who might aspire to the sovereignty of the realm. As each new port was opened, the tycoon and his adherents profited largely by foreign commerce, from the heavy duties levied at the customs, and the arbitrary exchange between foreign and native currency, which

was held as a government monopoly. Not only did the tycoon and his irresponsible administration profit by these fiscal revenues, but the produce purchased by the foreigners from native merchants belonging to the provinces, having to pass through their ports, increased the trade at the expense of the great daimios at whose ports foreign ships were prohibited to enter. Moreover, while the government were profiting by this state of affairs, the daimios found their incomes diminishing by increased expenditure arising from the greater cost of commodities consequent on the foreign demand for tea and silk. Under these circumstances four of the most powerful daimios in the southern provinces combined to overthrow the administration of the tycoon, and obtain the sanction of the mikado to abolish the office altogether.

The first step undertaken by the daimios to lessen the power of the tycoon, was to have the law abrogated which required their presence at Yedo, where he reigned supreme, with their retainers and families, who were there in the light of hostages for their obedience to his administration. This was effected by the head of the clan Eetzien, who represents a united income of upwards of a million kokus of rice. He headed a deputation of daimios to the court at Kioto, and succeeded in having the obnoxious law rescinded. This was followed up by another blow at the growing power of the tycoon, by Shimadzoo Saburo, better known as Satsuma, who influenced the mikado's advisers—he being a boy only fifteen years of age—to issue a decree ordering the commander-in-chief to reside at Kioto instead of Yedo. The effect of these changes in the constitution was disastrous to the prosperity of the city of Yedo, the grandest and most populous city in Japan, if not in the whole of Eastern Asia. The great daimios, no longer compelled to keep up their establishments, withdrew their families and retainers to their provincial residences, where they felt a security and independence never attained before. Satsuma dismantled his *yashiki* at Yedo, a sort of castle, and rendered it uninhabitable. Others followed his example, until the quarter of the city where they had been obliged to take up their abode was rendered tenantless by the tradespeople shutting up their shops and removing the merchandise, either to follow their customers or seek new ones in smaller cities where they could live at less expense. Where formerly a busy throng of industrious citizens were plying their trades, numberless beggars were now seen. The poverty-struck look of many of the houses, and the deserted condition of the streets, were melancholy to look upon. The condition of Yedo and the surrounding district during these evil days was not only pitiable, but elements of danger arose from the number of the disbanded *ronins* already alluded to. As the open port of Yokohama is only sixteen miles distant from Yedo, the foreign community became alarmed at the state of affairs, especially when the natives accused them of being the cause of all this inevitable distress. The government officers concealed the state of the country from the consulates as much as they possibly could, but they were compelled at last to intimate that real danger existed for foreigners who went on expeditions to any distance from the settlement. The house of a *hattamoto*, or small daimio, a place of common resort for foreign tourists, was attacked by a considerable body of *ronins*, and completely gutted of everything of value. Other outrages were committed by these disbanded retainers, until at last they set fire to the palace or

castle of the tycoon, which forms an extensive series of fortified buildings in the heart of the city, almost a town within itself. It is divided into two portions, named the *O-shiro*, and the *Ni-shiro*, of which the former is the main part. The fire destroyed a building within the *O-shiro* enclosure, called the *Ni-nomaru*, which was a strongly fortified place for retirement in case of need during an attack on the castle. This was totally consumed, evidently the act of incendiaries who wished to destroy the defences of the tycoon should he attempt to take up his residence again in Yedo. All this time he remained at Kioto, which is situated about 200 miles south of that city on the island of Nippon, or mainland.

Affairs generally throughout Japan were in this unsettled state at the commencement of 1868, and every day they assumed a more threatening aspect. It so happened at this time that the two ports of Hiogo and Osaka, on the Inland Sea, forming the outports of the mikado's capital of Kioto, were opened to foreign commerce in pursuance of the treaties with the tycoon which two years before had obtained the assent of his Majesty the Mikado. They were formally proclaimed open to foreigners on the first of January. The condition of the first settlers was very unpleasant. Their houses were of an inferior description, and provisions of all kinds were scarce and dear. The main settlement was located at Kino, a miserable fishing village two miles from Hiogo. The foreign ministers were generally censured for selecting a site so inferior in every respect to that of the city itself. To make matters worse, trade could not be commenced, owing to the disturbed condition of the country. Under these circumstances, precautions were taken by the British and French envoys, to assemble all the available naval forces at their disposal in the harbour of Hiogo, the anchorage at Osaka being dangerous for large vessels. The distance between the two ports is not more than twelve miles, so that the fleet was in daily communication with both of them. The opening of Osaka was the most important concession upon this occasion, as it stands on a commanding site at the entrance of the river leading to the metropolis some fifty miles up the stream. Thus in securing the right of residence in that city, the representatives of the treaty powers were on the way to direct intercourse with the court of the real monarch of Japan at Kioto, whom hitherto they could only approach through the medium of the tycoon and his government.

Whether the appearance of the foreign war-ships in the bay produced a feeling against the tycoon amongst the daimios at Kioto, where they were assembled at the time, has not transpired; but there is little doubt that the opening of Osaka and the presence of the fleet brought affairs to a climax. All we can gather from the meagre accounts of the transactions that took place would imply that the tycoon was endeavouring to obtain from the mikado's regency the strict maintenance of the treaties he had entered into with foreign powers, and to allow him and his administration to carry out their provisions as they had hitherto done. To the latter arrangement the daimios hostile to the tycoon were opposed, as it would have the effect of reinstating him in power, and probably lead to the obnoxious obligation of sending family hostages to reside at Yedo. From what subsequently transpired, it does not appear that the daimios were un-

favourable to opening the new ports to foreigners, but they objected to the control over them being in the hands of the tycoon. On the other hand, it would appear that the regency of the youthful mikado was favourable to the policy he had proposed. Seeing this, the three leading daimios of the realm—Satsuma, Chositu, and Tosa—with their kinsmen and retainers, determined on a *coup d'état*, and at once seized the person of their young sovereign, over whom they assumed a superior control to the members of the regency. On this the tycoon fled from Kioto, and took refuge in a fortified residence belonging to him at Osaka; where he sought for protection from his foreign allies on board the fleet in harbour. The foreign ministers held a solemn audience, and tendered their unanimous sympathy with Yoshi Hisa, who may be considered the last of the tycoons, and to whom the strict observance of the treaties was due. In his reply he protested against the recent acts of the daimios at Kioto, assuring the ministers that the honour of Japan was involved in the maintenance of the treaties and conventions he had entered into. At the same time, the ministers of the treaty powers gave a distinct and solemn assurance to the Japanese that they would not in any way interfere in the revolution that had begun. In view of the struggle for supremacy, the envoys made no efforts for a settlement of their relations with either of the opposing parties, but remained at Osaka, watching the progress of affairs, until the assembling of an extraordinary council of daimios to consider what form the new government should assume.

Varieties.

RUSKIN ON RAILROADS.—Already the Government, not unapproved, carries letters and parcels for us; large packages may in time follow—even general merchandise; why not, at last, ourselves? Had the money spent in local mistakes and vain private litigation on the railroads of England been laid out, instead, under proper Government restraint, on really useful railroad work, and had no absurd expense been incurred in ornamenting stations, we might already have had—what ultimately it will be found we must have—quadruple rails, two for passengers and two for traffic, on every great line; and we might have been carried in swift safety, and watched and warded by well-paid pointsmen, for half the present fares.—*Mr. Ruskin.*

BLIND SPECTACLES FOR POSTMEN.—A contemporary has suggested the following means to prevent letters or post-cards being read except by the person to whom they are addressed:—Procure a piece of card-board the same size as the post-card, and cut in it a number of slits as deep as ordinary writing, and each long enough to contain one or two words. Write the communication intended to be sent on a post-card through these spaces, and subsequently fill up the card with other words. The receiver of the post-card being provided with a similar cut card, places it above the former when he receives it, and is thus able to read the words intended for him. To prying eyes the card would be made to seem an agglomeration of nonsense.

EJUSDEM.—The "New York Times" states that the report of the Commissioners of Pharmacy, giving an account of their first six months' work of examination, exposed a lamentable amount of ignorance on the part of very many of those who make up prescriptions. "Of about 728 applicants (many of them proprietors, and all of them claiming to be qualified clerks) very few could read at sight the simplest schoolboy Latin. A test prescription calling for a certain quantity of compound tincture of gentian, and also a certain other proportion of infusion 'ejusdem' (of the same), was given to an applicant to read. He puzzled over it for some time, and finally handed it back, with the remark that in no store where he had ever worked did they have 'infusion of ejusdem,' and,

in fact, he had never seen nor heard of the drug before, and was sure it was not in the pharmacopoeia. Most of the aspirants are, however, familiar with the Latin names of the medicines with which they have to deal, and, knowing of course the weights and measures, can manage to rub along until some extra careful physician writes an elaborate series of directions in Latin, when the posed and puzzled clerk has to cry for assistance. Dr. Graham says that a prescription containing the before-mentioned 'ejusdem' once started in a Broadway drug store, near Grand Street, and was taken to every store on both sides of the Broadway, no one having any 'ejusdem' until, at last, it reached Hegeman's, at the Everett House, where the cabalistic signs were rightly read by a man who had been twenty years in business, and the medicine put up, after having been rejected at eighteen drug stores."

PRONUNCIATION OF ACHEs.—In "the 'Leisure Hour" for March, 1872, at page 140, "G. D. H." remarks: "It was gross affectation in John Kemble to make two vocal syllables of 'aches,' instead of pronouncing it *akes*, in the well-known line in 'The Tempest':

"For this be sure to-night thou shalt have aches."

"G. D. H." will, I am sure, be glad to retract his charge against Kemble when he has convinced himself that no such a line occurs in Shakespeare. The nearest approach to it is, indeed, in "The Tempest," i. 2:—

"For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps."

Kemble could hardly have altered the final word into *aches*, in order to make it a disyllable. Certainly, brave John used to pronounce it so in another line,—

"Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar"—

and no one doubts that Shakespeare meant *aches* to be so pronounced in that and many other places, as—

"Aches contract and starve your supple joints!"—Timon, i. 1.

"Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses."—Timon, v. 2.

And also where a pun is intended on the letter H. Without being dogmatic, I may say it seems to me that in Shakespeare's day the verb (third person singular, present) *aches* was pronounced as a monosyllable, and the noun (plural) as a disyllable.—C. M. I.

Our correspondent is certainly right as to the pronunciation of the verb and the noun respectively. Mr. Collier errs when he says that the word was used either as monosyllable or disyllable as the case might require. In Staunton's edition, in a footnote to this very passage in "The Tempest," this quotation is given from Baret's "Alvearie":—"Ake is the verbe of the substantive ache, ch being turned into k." The distinction of the monosyllabic verb and the disyllabic noun is marked constantly in the old texts, as in "Romeo and Juliet," act ii., sc. 5, "How my head akes;" in "Coriolanus," act iii., sc. 1, "My soul akes to know;" "Othello," act iv., sc. 2, "The sens akes at thee." But everywhere in the old texts the noun plural is spelled *aches*, and should be so pronounced.]

MR. GLADSTONE AT BLACKHEATH.—The first place among living competitors for the oratorical crown will be conceded without a dissenting voice to Mr. Gladstone. An excellent judge, a frequent opponent of his policy, whom we consulted, declared that it was Eclipse first and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction, impressive by its simplicity, or Mr. Disraeli's humour and sarcasm; but he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup; his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected and unforced. He is a great debater, a great parliamentary speaker; with a shade more imagination, he would be a great orator. Much that we have said of Sir Robert Peel might be repeated of Mr. Gladstone. Inferior to the founder of his school in judgment and self-control, he is superior in moral courage, warmth, range, grasp, fertility, versatility, passion, power. If he has committed mistakes which Peel would not have committed, he has achieved triumphs which Peel could not have achieved. He can not only persuade and convince senates; he can sway popular assemblies by voice, look, bearing, and moral force, as well as by sonorous periods and ringing words. See him in the cold grey mist of that October afternoon advance to the front of the platform at Blackheath, bareheaded, pale, resolute.—

"Now one glance round, now upwards turns his brow,
Hushed every breath: he rises—mark him now."

Unluckily every breath was not hushed. From that surging sea of heads and faces arose an angry murmur that presaged a storm. The audience was the reverse of favourable: the reserved seats had been invaded by the populace, including many

of the discharged dockyard labourers; and political emissaries were busy among the crowd. But a love of fair play, stimulated by curiosity, procured him his opportunity; he began: his distinct articulation and finely-toned voice, "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound," commanded a wide circle, which widened as he went on; an English audience is more easily won by firmness than by flattery; and such was the influence of his manly self-assertion, combined with a judicious choice of topics, that the health far and near resounded with plaudits when he wound up by devoting himself, "according to the measure of his gifts," to the service of the country and the Queen. In little more than an hour he had recovered his waning popularity and set up his government.—*The Quarterly Review*.

INK FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICE.—In reply to a question in Parliament Mr. Stansfeld stated that the quantity of ink annually purchased for the public service was 79,616 gallons of liquid, and 169,392 gallons of powder ink. The cost was £3,212 6s. 6d., of which amount upwards of £1,800 was purchased for and paid by India. The whole amount was supplied under a private contract.

TELEGRAPHIC FORMS.—Mr. John Bellows, of Gloucester, prints for the Government the blank forms for electric telegraph messages, and has to issue weekly 300,000 copies—that is, 1,300,000 monthly, and 15,600,000 in the year; and the order involves the use of forty-two tons of paper in the twelve-month. This paper is a strange composite; it is made of palm leaves, Esparto grass, and bright oat-straw.

GERMAN UNITY.—The following letter was addressed to Bunsen by Sir Robert Peel:—"Whitehall, Oct. 10, 1841. My dear Mr. Bunsen,—My note merely conveyed a request that you would be good enough to meet Mr. Cornelius at dinner on Friday last. I assure you that I have been amply repaid for any attention I may have shown to that distinguished artist, in the personal satisfaction I have had in the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He is one of a noble people distinguished in every art of war and peace. The union and patriotism of that people, spread over the centre of Europe, will contribute the surest guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check upon the spread of all pernicious doctrines injurious to the cause of religion and order, and that liberty which respects the rights of others. My earnest hope is that every member of this illustrious race, while he may cherish the particular country of his birth as he does his home, will extend his devotion beyond its narrow limits, and exult in the name of a German, and recognise the claim of Germany to the love and affection and patriotic exertions of all her sons. I hope I judge the feelings of every German by those which were excited in my own breast (in the breast of a foreigner and a stranger) by a simple ballad, that seemed, however, to concentrate the will of a mighty people, and said emphatically,

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien, Deutschen Rhein."

They will not have it, and the Rhine will be protected by a song, if the sentiments which that song embodies pervade, as I hope and trust they do, every German heart. You will begin to think that I am a good German myself—and so I am, if hearty wishes for the union and welfare of the German race can constitute one. Believe me, most faithfully yours, ROBERT PEEL."

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.—Much has been written about the faith and firmness of the Pilgrim fathers who founded the New England Commonwealth in the seventeenth century. Less is known of the noble Christian women who shared their exile and their perils. Here is an extract from a letter of the Lady Arabella, wife of Johnson, one of the early colonists, the original being in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society: "Whithersoever your fatal destiny shall drive you, either by the furious waves of the great ocean, or by the many-fold and horrible dangers of the land, I will surely not leave your company. There can no peril chance to me so cruel that shall not be much easier for me to abide than to live so far separate from you."

THE NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.—Since the formation of the society, it has expended on lifeboat establishments, and other means for saving life from shipwreck, £290,000, and voted 91 gold and 826 silver medals for saving life, besides pecuniary rewards to the amount of £36,673. The number of lives saved during the forty-eight years, from the establishment of the institution in 1824 to the end of the year 1871, either by its lifeboats or by special exertions for which it had granted rewards, was 20,746.

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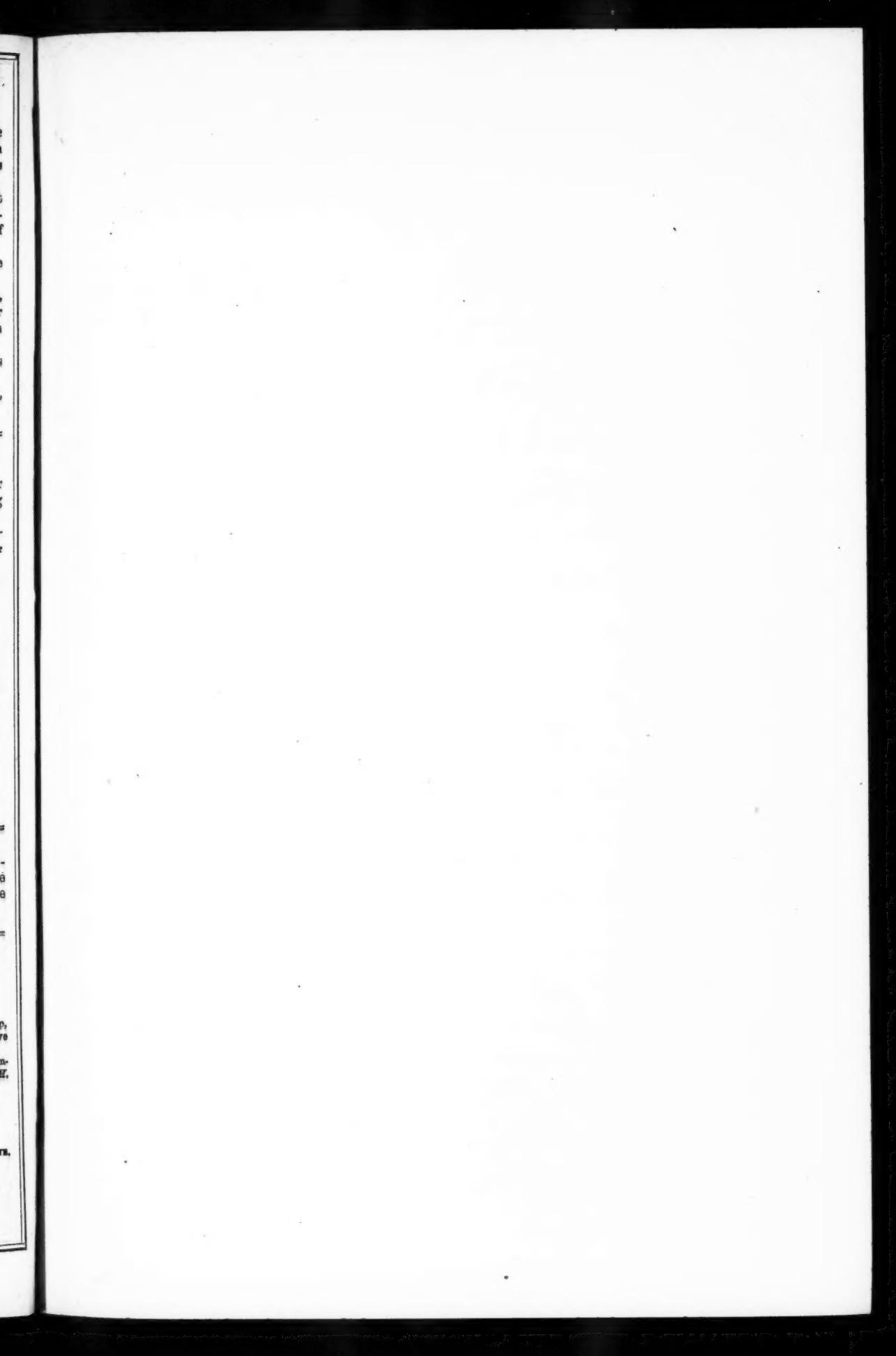
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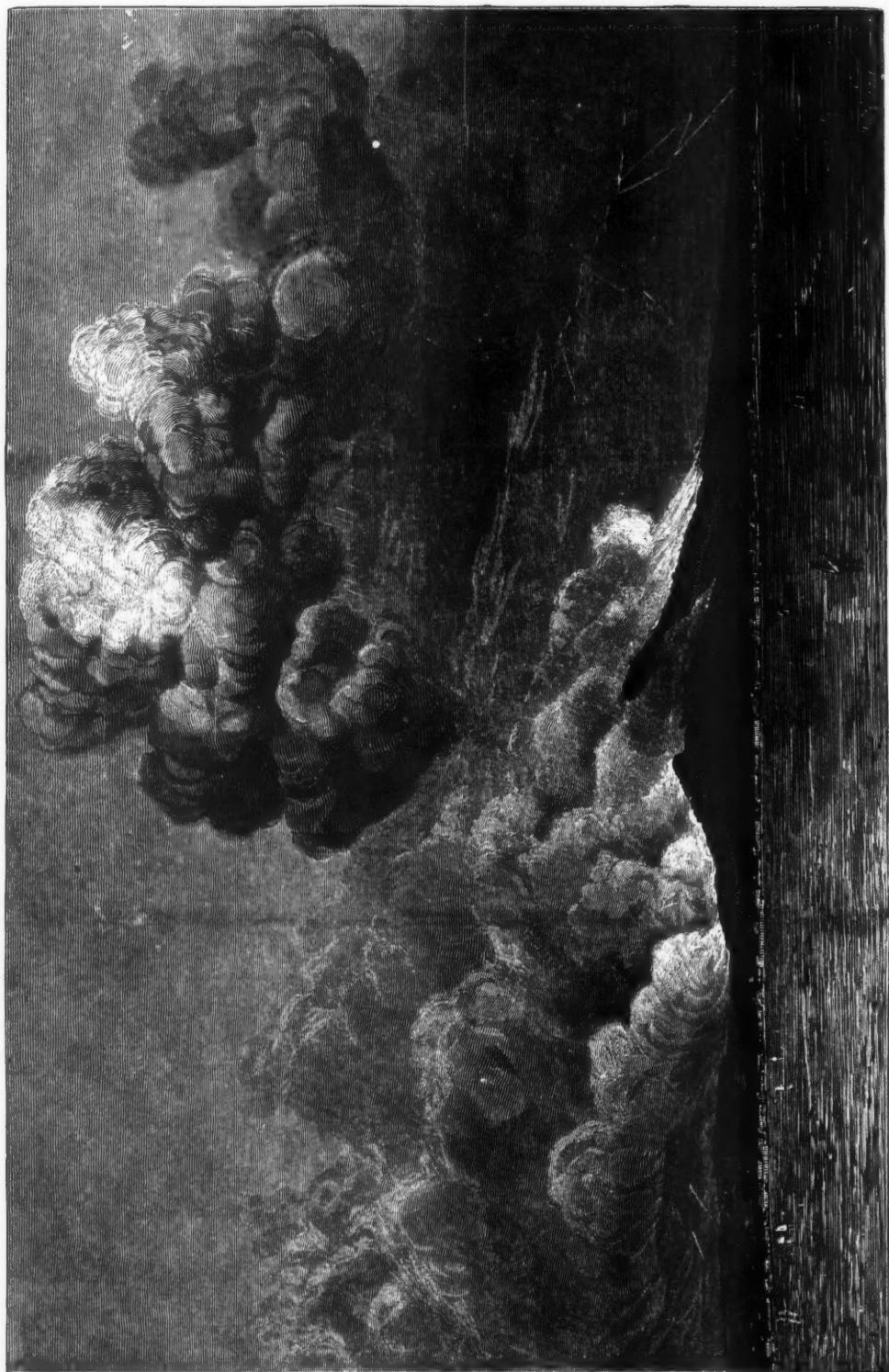
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